

A Weekly Newspaper, sanctioned by the Officer Commanding, and published by and for the Men of the E. T. D., St. Johns, Quebec, Canada.

Vol. 2. No. 1.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1918

5 Cents The Copy

The Soldiers Poet.

Most of us knew Captain Jack Turner, M.C., who left here recently with the 16th Field Coy, enroute for Siberia. It was our privilege recently to read a book of Poems written by him entitled "Buddys Blighty" wherein life at the front is interpreted in a free and easy manner.

The poems are clever and exceedingly interesting. Here are a few characteristic verses from "The Lucky Dug-out":—

"She ain't no Carlton or Ritz Hotel,
She ain't no Villa de Luxe,
She's damp as blazes, an' leaks as well,
An' you don't have to look at her twice to tell
That her roof don't amount to shucks.

Her Bathroom's a tin in the trench outside
Her Kitchen's a can of Coke
But her Kitchen's closed, as the last time we tried
To cook a lunch in the bright Noon-tide
Old Fritz threw things at the smoke.

The people living across the way
Are an awful unfriendly lot
They like at the end of a perfect day

To shove some shrapnel across the Bay
An' make it unholy hot.

But rats to the leaks an' mud an' the rain
An' bother the dirt an' the wet
Though Fritz may shell us with might and main
An—Goldarn his eyes here he comes again
He hasn't quite hit us yet."

Captain Turner was born in Newfoundland and joined the Canadian Expeditionary forces at the outbreak of the war. It was not long before he went to France with the Second Canadian Division and saw two years continuous service, being twice wounded and winning his commission on the field. He received the Military Cross for bravery at Vimy Ridge where he directed the guns of his own and another officer's section exposing himself continuously under heavy fire. On his return to Canada he was attached to the Canadian Engineers where he won for himself the high esteem of every one he came in contact with, from the O.C. to a Sapper. His departure from our Camp last Monday was greatly regretted, but we wish him every success in this his latest adventure to have a crack at the enemy.

Will someone kindly explain the meaning of the O.C.'s notice in D. Coy. Orderly Room?
Gloves, please!



RAW MATERIAL AND THE FINISHED PRODUCT

SPR. S. VEALE

We would respectfully ask that, in making purchases, you "patronize those who patronize us."

DELILAH DEFIES DE-TRACTORS.

An officer brave of the E.T.D.
Once tried his hand at poetry
And, when he found he wasn't
killed,
Began to consider himself quite
skilled.

Forgetting that one may have
enough
Of even first class poetical stuff,
He rushed into print another time
And gave us some more of his
Scriptural rhyme.

This second spasm was even worse,
The theology poor and, as for the
verse,
A lady's vocabulary will not
permit
Me to tell you all that I think of it.

The sentiment was rather crude,
Although no doubt it appealed to
the rude
Rough men, who haunt the Vinegar
And think "What jolly fine chaps
we are."

Our Poet (????) again the Muse
did essay,
And there appeared last Saturday
In "Knots and Lashings"—that
good old sheet—
His third attempt, which was
indiscreet.

Because my unsigned friend you
know
That "pitchers too oft to the well
may go,"
And though your identity you may
camouflage
I suspect the source of this
badinage.

While I say "suspect" I might say
"know"
Except that it's foolish to boast,
and so,
Most worthy poet (????) you had
best go slow,
Or you may have a somewhat hard
road to hoe.

For two can play at most any
game,
And my knowledge of Scripture,
if not the same
As possessed by anonymous soldier
chaps,
May be even more thorough than
theirs, perhaps.

So be advised, and stop and think
And hesitate upon the brink,
Ere rushing into print again,
E'en though encouraged by smiling
Len.

Delilah.

We respectfully urge the men of
the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

"HAMLET" AT OUR FRIDAY NIGHT SHOW.

Say fellows, did you see the
vaudeville show last week? If you
didn't you missed the best one yet.
A lot of the boys said it was big
time stuff and believe me, I've seen
the time when I would be glad to
pay regular money for as good an
entertainment.

Undoubtedly one of the big at-
tractions was the boxing exhibi-
tion, and that little pale faced boy
from "K" Coy can use his fists.
He wasn't much to look at but he
held up his own end for six rounds
and was given the decision by
Major Powell who by the way, is
a real sport when it comes to a
good scrap.

The funniest act on the bill was
"the Battle of Too Soon" by Sap-
pers Milne and Linney of "B"
Coy. Somebody said they were ex
actors and from the way they put
that skit over I'm thinking they
were both working at their trade
alright. That fellow Linney is also
some cartoonist and his slides of
"Life at the Pickle Factory"
handed the boys a bunch of good
laughs.

Sapper Branton who stepped
into the limelight the week before
last with his impersonation of
"Abie, the Recruit" hit the bulls
eye again as Abie's father. His
line of talk over the phone was
clever and original. One thing
that made me sit up and take
notice was the number of women
on the program. At first I thought
there were two of 'em, but when I
saw Sapper Martin take off that
blonde wig I changed my mind
about waiting for "her" after the
show. Julian Eltinge has nothing
on Martin when it comes to im-
personating one of the fair sex.

There was no camouflage about
Miss West though. She has been
doing her bit for some time in the
entertaining line and with the help
of our old friend Sapper Bergeson
put over a neat little singing act.
Corpl. Hardy and Sapper Stephen-
son opened the show with a rapid
fire singing and talking act that
started the ball rolling in good
shape.

Another neat turn was put on
by Sapper Forbes, the chalk artist
who illustrated a poem rendered
by Sapper Linney. Those bugler
boys, Fennell and Coyne always
spring something good and this
time with the able assistance of
Buglers Frost, Naedo and Free-
man they presented a clever
musical novelty with songs and
dances (written for them by Sap-
per Rich.)

Another thing I'd like to say is
that Sapper Rich can sure play

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the piano and with Corpl. McDonald, Sapper Eckstein and Sapper Benjamin, they play some real music. I heard some one say that Rich gets these shows up. Well if he can keep up the pace he set last week he will have to go some. Anyhow he deserves credit, and so do all the men who are responsible for the treat given to the Sappers and Drivers every Friday night.

"Hamlet".

SOME BASEBALL GAME!

Pay Department—17.
Orderly Room—3.

Out of respect for the feelings of the members of the Orderly Room, we will not go into any details concerning the game (?) which was played between teams of the above departments on the Sports Fields, Monday afternoon. While not offering any alibi it is nevertheless a fact that the Orderly Room team was greatly handicapped by the loss of Catcher Samuels, who busted his finger in the first inning of the game. The regular pitcher Bayard, and infielder Emmerson were also unable to play on account of injuries. However, there will be a return game and then watch the score.

In the meantime Q.S.M. Woolley has threatened his menials with extra duties for the next six months on Sundays.

Have a heart! Q.S.M. T'ain't our fault them blokes from the Pay Office hit so blooming hard.

O. R. Scribe.

BASEBALL.

Records Office Vs. Orderly Room.

The baseball bug has been at work for some time past in the heads of the Records Office and Orderly Room employees, which culminated in a challenge to play the boys of the Pay Office. This was accepted by Capt. Pettigrew's able assistants and a game was arranged for Monday afternoon, October 28th.

Sgt. Major Lear was on hand to see that the records were properly kept, and his figures were duly audited by Staff Sgt. Potter of the Pay Office. While both teams showed lack of practice and team work the score of 17 to 3 clearly indicates the superiority of the bankers over their opponents. It is said that the losers will be short a considerable sum of their month's pay as a result of Monday's game. However, it is not expected that this deduction will be put through daily orders.

The task of keeping account of hits and errors was too much for the score-keeper who gave it up and confined his efforts to counting the runs piled up by the Pay Office team, of which every man scored at least once, including three home runs. Murphy, the Pay Office pitcher, proved a dark horse and the boys of the opposing team were unable to hit his delivery with any effect. Behrens, the opposing pitcher, who came touted as a star of the Hamilton League team, blew

up in the second and fourth innings and was batted all over the lot. He has a valid excuse, as he has just been granted permission to marry.

It is also reported that Q.M.S. Woolley threatened them with the forfeiture of all pass privileges if they should lose this game. This rumor has not been officially confirmed and we give it for what it is worth.

If the weather permits, it is expected that a return game will be pulled off within the next few days, of which due notice will be given.

The detailed score follows:—

Pay Office Team

	Runs
Murphy, P. F., pitcher	2
Curley, G. N., catcher	3
Melville, G. E., first base	2
Parkhurst, Wm., second base	1
Glegg, R. R., third base	1
Greenwood, L., short-stop	4
Guenther, R., left field	2
Stubbs, H. J., centre field	1
Dart, B., right field	1
Total	17

Orderly Room Team

	Runs
Behrens, E., pitcher	0
Samuels, catcher	1
Cummings, first base	0
Kearns, second base	0
Baird, third base	0
Raymond, short stop	1
Matheson, left field	0
Murphy, centre field	0
Frith, right field	1
Total	3

Score by Innings

Orderly Room	1	0	1	1	0	—	3
Pay Office	2	6	1	8	x	—	17

—AT—

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(Photo by Pinsonnault)

Main Guard and Guard Room (The Clink).



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— On Request —

— STAFF —

EDITOR:—Capt. Ray R. Knight.

— Associates —

L/C. D. C. Patterson

C.S.M. E. P. Lowman

Sales Mgr.

Assistant Editor

Sgt. E. W. Johnson, St. Johns & Society

"Pat"

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Lieut. W. G. Griffith,

Sports

MANAGER:—A/Sgt. E. Carol Jackson.

ALL IN THE YEAR'S WORK.

In this time of warfare and rapidly succeeding changes, a year is a long incursion into the future and charged with immense possibilities. To the Editor, the work of a year is a long dip into the past and laden with the ever-present grind of filling our columns with matter suitable to its class and mission. Like the tax bill to the civilian or an Inoculation Parade to the soldier there is no escape from the insistent weekly clamour for "copy" that comes from the printer of such a journal as ours. It is not possible to pass up to him any old thing that comes along for presently those people, and their name is legion, who are exceedingly wise after the fact, turn up after a paper, to which they have made no contribution, is out to inquire why certain matters were not chronicled, noted or featured. As we review a year of publication we can remember things of that sort and add by way of future improvement in such particulars that those who wish to see anything stated in cold type should get busy and send us their version.

AN EVENTFUL YEAR.

It has been the privilege of "Knots and Lashings" to serve the Canadian Engineer Training Depot throughout a year replete with stirring incidents and crowded with varied experiences. Early in the year came the Dominion elections and the free advertising that we got, including a facsimile of a front page of one of our issues in the Montreal Daily press, brought us considerable notoriety. We will not dilate upon that incident save to remark how the finding of the Royal Commission enables us to fall back upon the old adage,—“All's well that ends well” and we have no cause for misgivings as to the ending of that incident. The misgivings are elsewhere.

While our initial aim, like that of the "Canadian Sapper", published monthly by the Canadian Engineer Training Centre at Seaford, England, was to serve the Depot, we soon found ourselves utilized as the organ for several other units of the C.E.F. In rapid succession came the men of Alberta, the Central Ontario and Western Ontario units, the Machine Gun Section and last and most prolonged of our visitors the Manitoba men in the Quarantine Camp. Good men and merry comrades, all of them, whose presence converted the Depot, for the time being, into a kind of concentration camp and made no small demands upon our space and our admiration. We only mention in passing the stalwart thousands of Poles who assembled in St. Johns last winter, passing on after a too brief stay but not before they had commended themselves to us as stalwart and ardent soldiers.

During the year the Depot has exceeded its previous record in the number of officers and men trained and sent overseas. Huge drafts have gone from us and drained off much of the energy of our editorial staff. The outstanding event of our internal affairs was the excursion of a few hundred Engineers to the Ancient Capital last winter where their active service was appreciated and their return to the Depot welcomed by themselves as well as by us. While some of our

men were in Amherst, N.S., we kept in touch with them and now the end of the year finds us following the men who have yielded to Siberian lures and are in the Great West.

RECREATION.

Our sporting editor has had his work cut out for him. No one can review our files without appreciating the attention given to fostering manly and wholesome recreation and sports in the Depot. This line of activity has been most successful and now with our new Cinema machine, our recreation rooms and the plans under way to co-operate with civilians in social recreations, we feel sure that we shall have a more extended story to tell during the coming year under this head.

THE EPIDEMIC.

In common with military camps all over the continent we have passed through a most trying season of illness, saddened by the passing away of so many of our comrades. The casualty list at the Depot has appeared in our columns, but we have not been able to say as fully as we would wish how creditable has been the fight that was put to stay the ravages of disease. In proportion to the number of cases of influenza in the Depot, we are confident that the number of fatalities was considerably below the average in such cases. No small amount of the credit for this result is due to the splendid and faithful work of the Medical Staff and the Nursing Sisters. The heroic work of the Nurses sent or stationed here will not soon be forgotten.

EPILOGUE.

It remains for us to make as full and frank and grateful acknowledgement as we can of the co-operation and assistance which we have received from all ranks at the Depot throughout the year's work. We are greatly indebted to them. We are thankful for the help from contributors, the patronage of advertisers, the work of reporters, the services of the Band in selling the paper and the appreciation and indulgence extended to us by our readers. We rely upon a continuance of this support, in consideration of the cause which it is our aim to serve, and we turn, on this anniversary, from the review of the past to the problems of the future, resolved to do our best and "Carry On".

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of
"Knots and Lashings".

Sir:—

Some few weeks ago in your paper, you published an article reflecting on the ladies of the Church guilds for not having come forward to help out with the serious epidemic then prevailing at the military camp in this town. We, the ladies of the Guild, have waited to reply, hoping that some one would have enough appreciation for the work which we have hitherto done in connection with the Church and the soldiers, to take up the cudgels in our defence. However, this has not been done, so we wish to make a little explanation in our own behalf.

We feel that in justice to those ladies whom you blame, you should have found out something of their circumstances before judging them so harshly, because had you done so, you would have found that this same epidemic had struck in almost every home, and several of our officers were confined to their beds at the time of your writing, in fact in almost every home there was some sickness, so that no

matter how much the ladies might have wished to help had they known that their services were required, their doing so was entirely out of the question.

Again we knew that in several instances, offers of help had before that time been refused: one instance we knew of where two American nurses had gone up to the Barracks personally and been told there was no need of any outside help. So that it was a great surprise to us when we received such severe and uncalled for criticism.

We felt that those officers and men who have been in the Barracks for the last two years should have known us well enough to realize that they had our sympathy and good-will in every case where we could show it, but for the benefit of new-comers or out of town readers we make this explanation.

Secretary of the Guild.
St. Johns, Oct. 28th, 1918.

Our Bert:—"What if we loses this bloomin' war after all, Bill."
Old Bill:—"Well, all as I can say is the bloke what finds it is welcome to it."

CONGRATULATIONS.

When "Knots and Lashings" was ready to appear before the footlights and make its bow to the public, the Editor honoured me with a request that I should say an introductory word of welcome. I counted it a privilege to perform this pleasant task. Now that the journal has continued its weekly performances for one year without interruption, it is a satisfaction to say a word of most hearty congratulation on the way in which the paper has been conducted and the promises which were made or implied in its first number have been fulfilled. The contributed and technical articles which have been given to your readers have been of a high order, the editorial tone has been strong and wholesome and the local colour and barrack room gossip have been typical. Mention should also be made of the excellent cartoons with which your pages have been generously illustrated. Of course there have been expressions and items which a padre might be expected to take exception to, but in this connection one is reminded of an incident in the life of Henry Ward Beecher, the great Brooklyn preacher and philanthropist. His sermons were replete with flashes of genuine wit and some of his congregation regarded this as too distracting and a lowering of the tone of the pulpit. The trustee board ventured to remonstrate and Beecher's answer was characteristic. He said, "Gentlemen, if you knew how many good things I keep back and refrain from saying you would hardly object to the few that get out." So, perhaps we should express appreciation that the chatter and gossip of the barrack room that finds its way into your columns is, after all, so comparatively free from expressions that one can consider objectionable in a popular military newspaper.

I am the fortunate possessor of a complete file of your paper, and as I turn over its voluminous pages I appreciate very keenly the amount of work involved in its production and heartily congratulate the staff on the success of the year's work. I want to emphasize that point for the "indulgent reader" is all too likely to forget the labour which they must do who produce a weekly paper. The enthusiastic support and continued popularity of the paper is all one needs to cite in proof of what I have said above and I would only add a word bespeaking still more steady and general support of the paper in the future and an expression of my sincere good wishes for continued prosperity and success.

ARTHUR H. MOORE,
Hon'y Major. Rector of St.
James' Church, St. Johns, Que.

Oct. 31st, 1918.

round patch in back, so I guess he musta tore them going over the "clink" fence and that's how he got his name. The britches are the same general shape as Hilda your hired girl sister wear only brown ones. I think he is French or some kind of alien, (by the way he talks) although by his breath on pay-day you'd swear he was pure Scotch.

You know Mable I have been promoted. I am now a cemetary corporal and have to do all the cleaning up work. I am what they call in engineers langwidge a mopper-up. But I can't explain what that is as it has to do with dirty work in the army. Barb Wire told me he would recommend me for the D.S.O. and when I axed S.M. Dailly what D.S.O. means he laffed and said "Dirty Scrubber Out", so I guess Mac was trying to jolly me. He is very friendly with me like that. But I am always joking him too I gess as he always laffs at me when he sees me.

We moved down here to Vinegar Barack Mable. It is our first step to going "over-seas". It used to be a pickle works before the war, and by the looks of the fellers who come in late every night it is still a pickle works, and we have our own 57 varieties. I made that one up myself Mable. Thats me all over Mable, witty as ever. The place is 3 stories high and we sleep in bunks. I didn't like the boards at first but now I have a bunk of "soft" pine I am pretty com-

fortable. A feller who sleeps in the next bunk to me whistles and snores just like your old man used to on Saturday nights. So you see it makes it seem more like home to me.

You'd orter see our uniform Mable. We have 5 (five) brass buttons on our tunic, in front, four on pockets and two on our shoulders. We also have two brass brooches with Canada ritten on them and two C.E. on our shoulder straps. Have 7 (seven) on our overcoats too. And a big shield as big as the police force (how is he), uster wear in our town. It has poison ivy wreath round it and a dog laying down asleep in the middle. When I get home after I can the Keyser I'll give it to you to wear on your ball dress.

Well Mable it is now 9 thirty and the bugler is trying to blow "tattoo" so I'll have to close. Give my love to everybody except your Pa as he has not paid me the 2 dollars he owes me yet.

O Revwoor
Lance Jack Bill.

P.S.—Tell your Ma I threw the cake away. Major, our dorg triend it and he had to go to the quarantine to get a number 9 after.

Buddy writing to his girl on this side ended his letter with:—"If the censor don't object, I send you x x x x x x." The censor added, "Not in the least, have a few on me x x x x x x x."

"DERE MABLE" AT VINEGAR

(Apologies to E. Streeter.)

Vinegar Barracks.

Dere Mable

I received your mother's box yesterday afte rthe fellers in our post offis get there share. Tell your Ma next time she burns a cake never mind sending it to me. I guess you musta made them biscuits. When I was going out of the P. O. the cheap box you sent them in busted, and I got 7 (seven) days C.B. for being disorderly and making disturbance. I gavy them to our P.T. leftenant to use as grenades. Thats me all over Mable, thoughtful of others. He took them and after two (2) of them dropped on his toes he said to give them to the masons. I told him I couldnt as I was a Son of St. George, (but he called me a son of some other society). We have a feller up here Mable who is orful. The fellers call him "Barb Wire Mac." I donno why. But he has what they call ridin-britches, with a big



(Photo by Pinsonnault)

Officers Club.

TWINKLINGS FROM THE MOUNTED SECTION.

We are pleased to report quite a bunch of material from the mounted men this week, but there is quite a lot too personal for use. Much of it has no name signed and it is our intention to put everything in the W.P.B. unless signed as a guarantee of good faith. So go to it boys:—

Driver Kindly was quite cut up because he could not go to Siberia even as a mascot.

I saw a fellow throw a lump of Coal at a Cat the other day.

Well, what are you going to do about it, are you going to report him to the S.P.C.A.?

I'm going to tell the Fuel Controller!

Who was the Corporal who when the line was in single file gave the command to "form fours"?

If Driver O'C— had brain in proportion to the size boot he wears.—My word!!

Driver B— was having a great ride when he gave the engine too much gas, now he's all blown in. No, I mean he's all blown out. Ha! Ha!

The Boys of the Mounted Section want to know why they cannot be excused attending Church parade. They have a priest—an

Angel—and the Lord always with them. Surely that's enough to go on with.

Take heed drivers how you ride these days for depend upon it the day will come when the Sergt. Major will be with you in the Riding School. Then there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth and longing for the days spent with the Sappers.

Who said no one could drive 82? There is a fellow in hospital who will give you a few wrinkles as to how not.

This week's best laugh:—Squad drill in the Riding School. If they can't make good drivers out of us, they intend to make us good sappers.

The Drivers would like to know when Iberville is to be put in Bounds as they are getting lonesome.

(Not only the Drivers asking this question but numerous Sappers, Corporals, Sergeants, Of—, etc.)

The new arrangements in the mess hall for the comfort of us Drivers is sure working good. Congratulations to our new Officer.

Which Driver was it who went up town, with his spurs turned upside down?

A lady sent a pair of socks to a

driver in the E.T.D. His reply was couched in the following "pom":—

"Dear lady received your sox. Some fit.

Wear one for a helmet, one for a mit

Glad to know you're doing your bit

But where in the world did you learn to knit?"

Has any one visited the Driver who professed to be quite proficient and undertook to take the Paymaster to his office in a buggy but was eventually taken to Hospital himself?

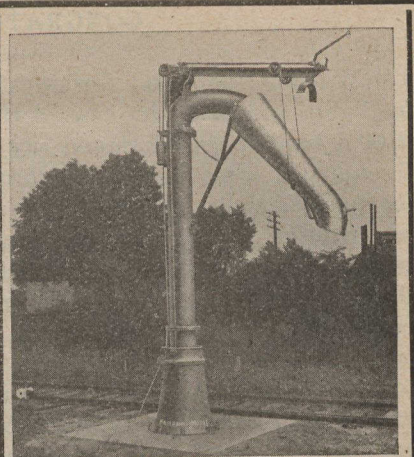
(This must have happened at some other Depot or perhaps it is a dream.—Ed.)

A Sailor fell of a horse he was riding (or trying to) and yelled: "Heave a line there, man overboard."

Why does that fellow keep his ration of cheese in his boots? No use denying it, for every time he takes them off we are convinced of the fact.

We like to watch these new Drivers. One fellow the other day put his right foot in the left stirrup and we did not know if he was going or coming when he got up. S'pose we were all green once.

Say but we would have enjoyed that extra hour last Sunday morn-



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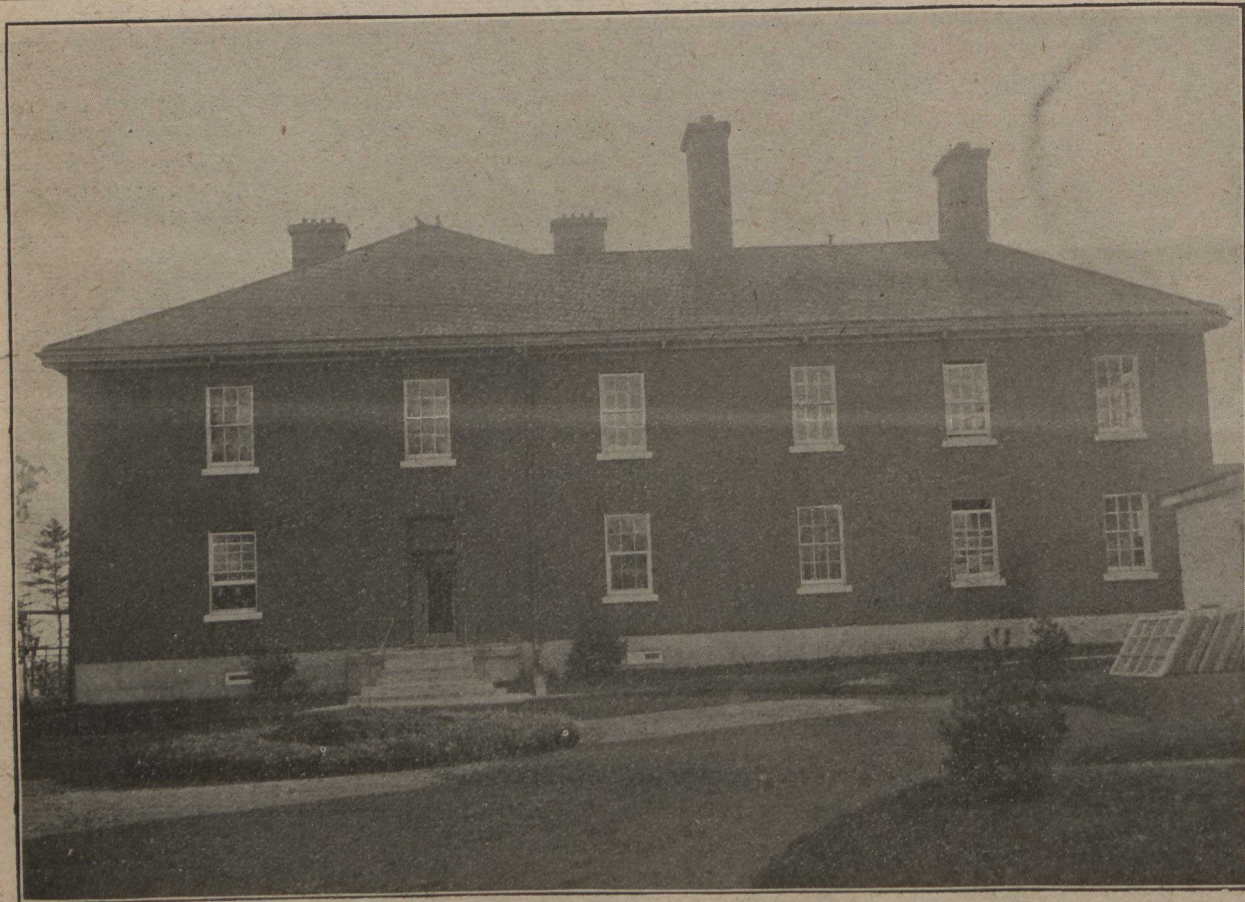
Established 1864.

Paid-up Capital - - - \$7,000,009
Reserve Funds - - - \$7,437,973
Total Deposits (Sept. 1918) \$126,000,000
Total Assets (Sept. 1918) \$159,000,000

Savings Department

Start a Savings Account with us. We welcome small accounts as well as large ones. Interest allowed at best rates, paid half-yearly.

J. A. PREZEAU, Manager



(Photo by Pinsonnault)

Orderly Room (North End).

ing but the Corporal in our room couldn't sleep and he thought no one else ought to.

When General Foch gets after the Boche

With Pershing and Haig to assist him

The Kaiser will mourn the day he was born

When he challenged the world to resist him.

Here's to the boys of the Siberian Force good luck, safe journey and a quick return.

Anybody seeking information about hogs and horses apply—Farmer Brown, Mounted Section.

Who says we don't get fed in the army? Why we're the best fed bunch of boys in the world. Three cheers for the army.

For now I am in it, I enjoy every minute

In stables, in mess or at play. Of grub we've enough, and it's never served rough

And we get it three times every day. Hoorah!

(Sent in by Never Hungry Driver.)

Boys, this is a great life. A fellow asked me the other day which I'd sooner do, be a Driver, or go back home to my sweetheart. Why, I said be a Driver, for I'm bound to get plenty of sweethearts with my natty bandolier and spurs.

A N.C.O. met a Sapper on the street and asked him for a drink. He passed him the bottle from out of his hip and now he's in the Clink. Moral don't carry a bottle.

A BREEZE FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

The sympathies of the members of the Orderly Room from the Q.S.M. down to the stickman are extended to Corporal J. McPherson, who has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis at the Base Hospital, Montreal. It is earnestly hoped that he will speedily recover and soon be back at his old desk.

Help win the war! Be patriotic and follow the example of Q.S.M. Woolley. Save gasoline and get daily exercise by rowing your boat across the placid waters of the Richelieu.

The Orderly Room staff extends its congratulations to "Knots and Lashings" on the celebration of its

first anniversary. May its prosperity continue and increase.

During the past few days the "jinx" has certainly been following the employees in the Orderly Room. First, Sapper Emmerson was laid up, with a badly sprained shoulder, then Corporal McPherson was stricken with appendicitis and sent to Montreal to undergo an operation. Following this Sapper Murphy received a black eye, through stopping a baseball thrown by Sapper Cummings during a practise, and finally Sapper Samuels had one of his fingers busted while playing baseball in the game with the Pay Department. It is to be hoped that the little "jinx" will now take its departure to some warmer clime, having accomplished enough among the staff of the Orderly Room.

The Orderly Room Scribe.

1000 YEARS AGO AND TODAY.

I have read and reread from the pages of old

Of the knights in their armour and helmets of gold

Who went forth on their charges all covered with mail

To fight for their country and lady loves pale.

Of how these same knights returned in their glory

'Tis all very well and will do in a story

They feasted and sang and sat in a ring

And feasted their country their lady and king.

Oh! Just to see these same knights of old

Off with their armour and helmets of gold

Put on the dull khaki and wind the puttee

And live for a time in the C.E.T.D.

Get up every morning at six o'clock straight

And shave with the rain pouring down on their pate

Then feed on a breakfast of sausage and mush

And drill all day long in the rain mud and slush.

But that's what we get and we'll all see it through

Perhaps future writers will glory us too.

Whether they will or not, no one can tell

But heres hoping Bill the Kaiser will end up in Hell.

(Signed) Perfilas.

(If the Kaiser winds up in St. Helena, we will be satisfied.)



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Montreal.

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OF ALL KINDS.

Cards, Pennants, Cushions, Magazines, Military Brooches, Stationery, Fountain Pens, Searchlights, Baseball and Tennis Goods, Sporting Goods, etc.

"French at a Glance" the best book to learn to speak French.

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Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

British "founded 1883".

and from JAEGER AGENCIES throughout the Dominion.

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Men's Youths' and Boys' Suits—a specialty.

—at—

J. E. McNulty & Co.

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Shoe Shine Parlor

We guarantee satisfaction to the soldier boys and like to have them visit us.

John Malinos, Prop
21A St. James St. St. Johns
(Same street as Post Office)

In Memoriam.

The following are the names of the victims of the recent Influenza Epidemic and our heartfelt sympathies are extended to the next of kin.

- 2014861 Spr. Lauder, R. M. S. Died at St. Johns, 24/9/18. Mother, Mrs. A. Lauder, 771 E. Gerard St., Toronto. Enlisted at New York, 12/9/18.
- 2014685 Spr. Corney, W. O. S. Died at St. Johns, 24/9/18. Mother, Mrs. E. Corney, Lewisham, London, Eng. Enlisted at New York, 7/9/18.
- 2011438 Cpl. Farley, J. C. Died at St. Johns, 27/9/18. Father, Jas. Farley, Southampton, Ont. Enlisted at Toronto, 20/6/18.
- 2710671 Spr. Aiken, S. E. M. Died at St. Johns, 30/9/18. Wife, Mrs. H. I. Aiken, 1794 Keefer St., Vancouver. Enlisted at Vancouver, 30/7/18. Married.
- 2009882 Spr. Buckland, G. V. Died at St. Johns, 29/9/18. Brother, A. E. Buckland, 117 DesErables St., Montreal. Enlisted at St. Johns, 14/5/18. Single.
- 2139425 Spr. Maclachlan, A. R. Died at St. Johns, 29/9/18. Father, J. F. Maclachlan, 73 Moss St., Victoria. Enlisted at Victoria, 2/5/18. Single.
- 2014793 Spr. Black, David. Died at St. Johns, 28/9/18. Enlisted at Philadelphia, 9/9/18. Single.
- 3084702 Spr. Freitag, W. G. Died at Montreal, 1/10/18. Father, Martin Freitag, Eganville, Ont. Enlisted at Montreal, 22/5/18. Single.
- 2014364 Spr. Alcorn, J. T. Died at Montreal, 1/10/18. Wife, Mrs. M. E. Alcorn, 938 Smithfield Ave., Saylesville, R.I., U.S.A. Enlisted at Providence, 14/8/18. Married.
- 3139548 Spr. Defoe, H. W. Died at Montreal, 1/10/18. Father, W. Defoe, R. F. D. No. 5, Belleville, Ont. Enlisted at London, Ont., 1/8/18. Single.
- 2013321 Cdt. Scott, G. H. Died at Montreal, 1/10/18. Mother, Mrs. E. Scott, 201 Patterson Ave., Ottawa. Enlisted at Ottawa, 4/6/18. Single.
- 2013288 Spr. Wallace, I. L. Died at Montreal, 1/10/18. Father, J. A. Wallace, 54 Forest Ave., Portland, Me. Enlisted at Ottawa, 14/6/18. Single.
- 2710604 Spr. Rowe, M. A. Died at Montreal, 1/10/18. Father, M. Rowe, Trannack, St. Erth, Cornwall, England. Enlisted at Victoria, 28/6/18. Single.
- 2013979 Spr. Hull, W. P. Died at Montreal, 1/10/18. Wife, Mrs. P. B. Hull, 5 Grove St., Houlton, Me. Enlisted at Portland, 27/7/18. Married.
- 2014298 Spr. Sharp, G. F. Died at Montreal, 1/10/18. Wife, Mrs. E. Sharp, Harford, Cortland Co., N.Y. Enlisted at Buffalo, 12/8/18. Married.
- 3292056 Spr. Bilodeau, F. Died at St. Johns, 1/10/18. Mother, Mrs. S. F. Bilodeau, Plessisville, Que. Enlisted at Quebec, 4/9/18. Single.
- 2013550 C.S.M. Boyd, J. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. Father, W. Boyd, Antrim, Cromlan Co., Ireland. Enlisted at St. Johns, 1/7/18. Single.
- 2011073 Spr. Martin, E. S. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. Wife, Mrs. C. Martin, 4 Deveraux Drive, Poulton, Chesire, England. Enlisted at Montreal, 4/6/18. Married.
- 2013589 Spr. Walker, G. H. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. Wife, Mrs. G. G. Walker, 605 Florence St., Washington, D.C. Enlisted at New York, 1/7/18. Married.
- 2011744 Spr. Ramshaw, H. C. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. Mother, Mrs. G. Ramshaw, 256 Pacific Ave., Toronto. Enlisted at Toronto, 17/7/18. Single.
- 20144002 Spr. Bannister, H. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. Wife, Mrs. B. Bannister, 530 St. Joes Ave., Trenton, N.J. Enlisted at Philadelphia, 19/8/18. Married.
- 2140467 Spr. Dick, W. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. Mother, Mrs. S. Connor, Saintfield, Co. Down, Ireland. Enlisted at Victoria, 17/7/18. Single.
- 2024876 Spr. Deacon, H. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. Father, J. F. Deacon, Cranbrook P.O., B.C. Enlisted at Vancouver, 31/7/18.
- 2014832 Spr. Wordsworth, T. H. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. Wife, Mrs. M. Wordsworth, 265 W. Clark Drive, E. Palestine, Cleveland, Ohio, 19/9/18. Married.
- 3347428 Pte. Hammerquist, W. Died at Montreal, 2/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 2130577 Pte. Forrest, N. Died at Montreal, 3/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 3347767 Pte. Erlindson, G. Died at Montreal, 3/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 3348005 Pte. Eamer, L. E. Died at Montreal, 3/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 2130486 Pte. Guthrie, T. M. Died at St. Johns, 4/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 3346883 Pte. Gregory, F. Died at St. Johns, 5/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 3348286 Pte. Krams. Died at Montreal, 5/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 3348341 Pte. Garnett, E. Died at St. Johns, 6/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 3347487 Pte. Friedland. Died at Montreal, 7/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.
- 2014852 Spr. Summerson, R. Died at Montreal, 4/10/18. Wife, Mrs. M. M. Summerson, Box 225, Satsburgh, Pa. Enlisted at Cleveland, 11/8/18. Married.
- 4051784 Spr. Dugas, J. Died at St. Johns, 3/10/18. Mother, Mrs. S. Philibert, St. Jacques, Mad. Co., N.B. Enlisted at Sussex, N.B., 15/7/18. Single.
- 2014342 Spr. Scott, P. Died at St. Johns, 4/10/18. Father, Michael Scott, Castlerea, Ireland. Enlisted at Philadelphia, 14/7/18. Single.
- 2014372 Spr. Bustin, W. Died at Montreal, 3/10/18. Wife, Mrs. R. Bustin, 21 Ianthe St., Providence. Enlisted at Providence, 14/7/18. Married.
- 2006150 Dvr. Weldon, M. B. Died at Montreal, 3/10/18. Sister, Mrs. C. Colpitts, 117 Elliott Row, St. John, N.B. Enlisted at St. John, N.B., 20/7/17. Single.
- 3091336 Spr. Shorroek, W. Died at Montreal, 3/10/18. Mother, Mrs. A. Shorroek, 377 St. Margarets St., Mtl. Enlisted at Montreal, 30/8/18. Single.
- 3311140 Spr. Roberts, N. F. Died at St. Johns, 5/10/18. Mother, M. Roberts, 61 Wilson Ave., St. Thomas, Ont. Enlisted at Brantford, 14/5/18. Single.
- 2023691 Spr. Forrest, A. Died at Montreal, 5/10/18. Sister, Mrs. E. Law, 7 Cornwallis Place, Edinburgh, Scotland. Enlisted at Vancouver, 20/5/18. Single.
- 2710532 Dvr. Newton, J. Died at St. Johns, 7/10/18. Mother, Mrs. B. A. Swendale, 7 St. George's Terrace, Millon, Cumberland, England. Enlisted at Victoria, 8/7/18. Single.
- Lieut. Lang, S. A. Died at St. Johns, 6/10/18. Mother, Mrs. N. A. Lang, 771 Indian Rd., Toronto.
- 2011407 Spr. Gardener, C. O. Died at St. Johns, 6/10/18. Mother, Mrs. B. Gardener, 417 College St., Toronto. Enlisted at Toronto, 8/6/18. Single.
- 3085118 Lee. Cpl. Reed, E. E. Died at Montreal, 10/10/18. Father, Early Reed, 12 Dudley Heights, Albany, N.Y. Enlisted at Montreal, 29/4/18. Single.

- 2015146 Spr. Murphy, P. Died at St. Johns, 14/10/18. Sister, Mrs. Emily Donnelly, 22 Mills St., Liverpool, Eng. Enlisted at Boston, 4/10/18. Single.
- 2024145 Spr. Stephens, R. G. Died at St. Johns, 10/10/18. Mother, Mrs. B. V. Stephens, 1135 Kingsway, Vancouver, B.C. Enlisted at Vancouver, 5/6/18. Single.
- 2005411 Lce. Cpl. Sleigh, J. Died at Montreal, 7/10/18. Sister, Miss Edith Sleigh, 18 Ferris Rd., Oakhurst Grove, London, England. Enlisted at Vancouver, 22/9/16. Single.
- 3348583 Pte. Stewart, J. Died at St. Johns, 9/10/18. 1st Depot Btn., Manitoba Regt.
- 3347995 Pte. Wilson, T. H. Died at Montreal, 8/10/18. 1st Depot Btn., Manitoba Regt.
- 2030584 Pte. Montgomery, J. Died at Montreal, 5/10/18. 1st Depot Btn., Manitoba Regt.
- 2013956 Spr. Shillings, R. Died at Montreal, 21/10/18. Mother, Mrs. J. Shillings, 66 Berri St., Montreal, P.Q. Enlisted at Montreal, 19/7/18. Single.
- 2011045 Spr. Koehler, W. M. Died at Montreal, 22/10/18. Father, W. M. Koehler, 71 Brosman Ave., San Francisco, Cal. Enlisted at Vancouver, 30/5/18. Single.
- 2710658 Lce. Cpl. Palmer, A. Died at Montreal, 22/10/18. Wife, Mrs. Minnie Palmer, 1012 E. Centre, St. Anahaim, Cal. Enlisted at Victoria, 13/7/18. Married.
- 3347739 Pte. Melcalfe, L. Died at St. Johns, 25/10/18. 1st Depot Bn., Manitoba Regt.

NOTES FROM "D" COY.

Why are "D" Coy so frequently detailed for guard and others duties?

When will the marvelously trained "C" Coy be detailed for guard?

We will all enjoy smokes in "D" Coy out of Lieut. Trow's winnings. At-a-boy Lieut., take-em-up, easy money, Nuff-Sed.

Congratulations to Sergt. Mallison as Funeral Detail Expert, he will be able to secure an undertaker's position in civilian life,

never-the-less, the boys think him alright, that's the pep, Sergt., keep it up the crown's coming.

We are informed that Lieut. O'Moore has trained his men in "C" Coy so well in guard detail that he has bet Lieut. Trow of "D" Coy, drinks and smokes that no mistakes will be made by the afore-said "C" Coy when they do do guard duty.

Is it true Sergt. Mallison has been refused his wish to be included on the next draft?

Why doesn't Sergt. Golding buy an alarm clock so that he can wake up in the morning?

It is said that Sergt. Harris makes a big noise when he returns home. We thought all public places were out of bounds.

Why does Sergt. MacKeengan say O' Stop when tickled in the side; does his girl make him jump too? We would also like to know when he thinks his favourite, President Wilson, will give Germany peace.

Did Sergt. Badger take his rabbits and pigeons to Siberia with him?

We note with pleasure Sergt. Lewis did not adopt any excuse to be taken off the draft. Well done, Bob, old boy.

LAW OFFICE
of
John MacNaughton

Advocate, Barrister and
Commissioner
138 CHAMPLAIN St., St. Johns
Phone 482

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is the place to buy your
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The big store—everything
you can wish.

Richelieu and St. James Streets
City of St. Johns.

MONARCH
BOTTLING
WORKS

IBERVILLE, QUE
Edouard Menard, - Proprietor



(Photo by Pinsonnault)

16th Field Coy. Siberian Draft (The "Snowballs").
Captain Jack Turner, M.C., Commanding.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A delightful musical was given the other evening by Miss Roberta Powell in honour of her guests, the Misses Jacqueline Turner and Lena Smith. The hostess, who was assisted in receiving by her guests, was becomingly attired in a gown of khaki shade.

A galaxy of beauty, wit and wisdom attended the function and, singular to relate, it was noticeable that with delightful unanimity they were all attired in the same type of costume, even the colours being the same which, with the charming decorations of the room, blended harmoniously.

Miss Roberta Powell, with her charming manner and delightful bonhomie, put the company immediately at their ease, consequently all restraint disappeared and all went as happily and merrily as the marriage bells.

An excellent programme had been arranged and was thoroughly enjoyed. Amongst others who contributed were the Misses Trow and Pettit who performed admirably at the piano. An excellent rendition on the Violin and the Soinette of some of Chopin's masterpieces was given by Miss Roberta Powell and Miss Robina Smith, to the delight and edification of the guests. Numerous vocal items were rendered, many old favourites and some importations from across the border being given. Amongst those who contributed were the Misses Gerrard and Edgar whose duet

"The Harmy Chapline" was vociferously received, a double encore being accorded. By special request they rendered that touching ballad, "Mrs. Porter", which was hugely enjoyed. Miss Jacqueline Turner, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Lena Smith and Madame Simpson all contributed items of old and popular gems, bringing back to the memory thoughts and longings of other times.

Light refreshments were served during the evening, the refreshment table being ably presided over by the Misses MacAndrew, Ayer and Mitchell, who were most assiduous in their duties, and in a most excellent manner sustained the reputation of the hostess for liberal hospitality.

During the course of the evening felicitous congratulations were tendered by the whole assemblage to Miss Roberta Powell upon the return of her natal day.

In the words of Miss Jacqueline Turner, "a most enjoyable time was had by all."

The party dispersed at an early hour, as, (on account of the shortage of gasoline) the lights went out "one by one".

Scrutator.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who is the officer at Vinegar Barracks who said that the buggy used for transporting another officer to the Barracks was waiting for its "load"? Would it not have been

more poetical to have used the expression "fair freight"? We are afraid, Len, that your military duties have prevented you from indulging in romantic literature.

Why is a certain officer so anxious to make the acquaintance of "Lizzie"? Take our advice, Liz old girl, and preserve your incognito, as there is a dangerous gleam in his eye.

The name of the gentleman who, when asked why he was late for his Equitation lesson, replied "I was playing Chess with the Major"? Some excuse, eh what?

Did the Lord High Sampler consider the sentence meted out to him by the Poor Prunes too severe, and did he wish himself back in his beloved Siberia? Had he been a more diligent student of Scripture might he not have remembered that "Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction"?

Is it permissible to ask the Major "Who, where and when"?

What is the meaning of the peculiar notice which is posted behind the door of the Orderly Room of 'D' Company, "Whoever took the O.C.'s gloves, he has an old pair of socks for him"? Surely no unkind person would have the temerity to "prune" of a pair of gloves, the Permanent Present President of the Poor Prunes.

Inquisitor.

OFFICERS, N.C.O.'s and MEN of E. T. D.

Wearing Glasses should have a duplicate of their lens before going overseas.

Come And See Us.

Arm. Bourgeois,

OPTICIAN

84 RICHELIEU STREET
Next to 5, 10 & 15c Store.
GUARANTEED WORK.

Boys,

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Importer of Watches, Jewellery,
Cut Glass and Silver Ware.
126 Richelieu St. St. Johns, Que.

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Fur Repairs:—A Specialty.

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Everything the Boys need will be found in our store.

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St. Johns.

E. McConkey

(Opposite Windsor Hotel)

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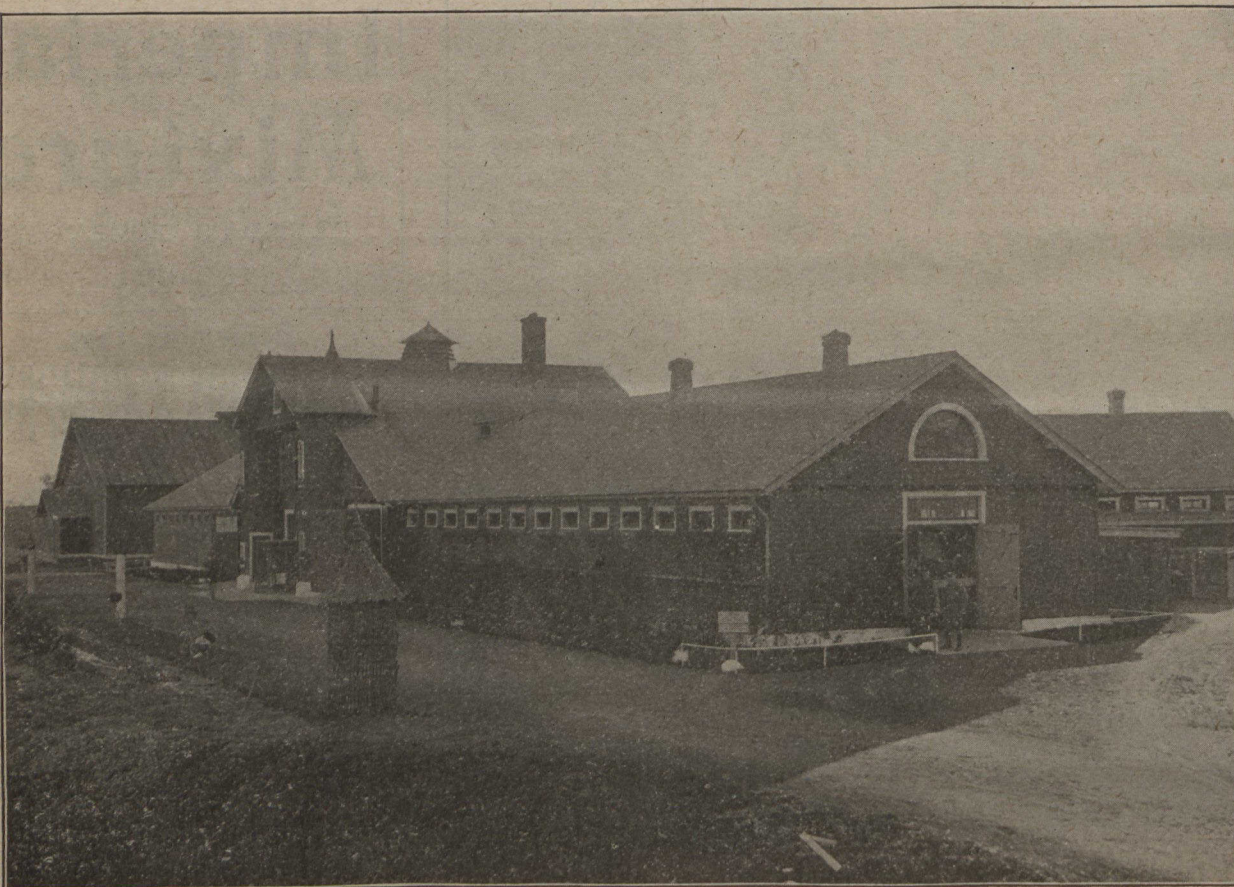
MARKET SQUARE, St. Johns.

A. D. GIRARD, KC.

ADVOCATE

41 ST. JAMES STREET

St. Johns, Que.



(Photo by Pinsonnault)

Stables and Riding School.

A NEW HYMN OF HATE.

(With Apologies to Herr Ernst Lissauer).

England, although we have said before
That our hate for thee is a boundless store,
There is nothing like making the matter plain,
So now we propose to say it again.
Hate of the heart, do you understand?
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the sausage and hate of the beer
(We hope we are making our feelings clear).
Compared to this hate our hate for France
Is hardly so much as a circumstance.
Yea, we will give you our solemn pledge
That our hate for you is the absolute edge.
England!

Hate! That's what we are driving at,
Hate of the dachshund and hate of the cat,
Hate for a nation that keeps its word,
A course which is palpably most absurd.
Hate for the traitors that struck us down
As we were annexing the Belgian Crown.
Hate for the curs that espoused the right
When we had decided they would not fight.
Hate for the cowards who won't be scared
By the mighty forces our land prepared,
Who valued their pride far more than pelf,
Come now, aren't you ashamed of yourself,
England?

But the thing that worries us all a bit
Is the fact that hate doesn't score a hit;
It doesn't appear to make you blench
Or hustle one Tommy out of his trench.
Our hate may burn with a steady flame,
But we don't seem to lick you, all the same;
And though in our Kaiser's eye there gleams
A hate that is double sewn in the seams,
A hate that is guaranteed the best
That ever has burned in a human breast,

You treat it as if it wasn't there—
That's why we hate you. You're so unfair,
England!
(London Evening News.)

"B" COY'S BREVITIES.

Our Major's a lively young chap
With all kinds of vigor and pep.
Bob plays the "swinette"
And is open to bet
He can win any game on the map.

Our Captain's a guy known as Len
Who tries to write rhymes now and then,
But shades of Jack Turner
He's only a learner
When it comes down to pushing a pen.

We are all of us envying Rogers,
Though he's one of the National's lodgers,
While in charge of police
He hides behind trees
But finds drivers are very good dodgers.

Ken Pickard, not with the C. E.'s
But one of the rough C. R. T.'s,
Is now known as "Father",
Oh my, what a bother,
His Parade State shows—One-Strength Increase.

We have a long "loot" named Fred,
Who takes rifle and bayonet to bed,
Punches holes through the ceiling,
Piles arms till he's reeling.
We fear that he's losing his head.

Another one called Kenny Ayer,
He's short but what beautiful hair,
Went down with the Flu,
Hoped he'd never get through
'Cause the Peach wouldn't change to a "pair".

There was a young sub named Mitchell
Who was exceedingly fond of a "swizzle"
Wore rings a la Scarab
And danced like an Arab
But finished up in a terrible drizzle.

Our latest addition is Hall,
Although not exceptionally tall,
Who when sick in bed,
So the nurse said,
Persisted in washing the wall.
Lance-Jack.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

WINDSOR HOTEL

A. N. GOLDEN, Prop.

Make this Hotel Your Headquarters while in St. Johns

Wines Spirits & Liqueurs

Excellent Cuisine
Spacious Dining Rooms
RATES MODERATE.

NATIONAL HOTEL

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N. Lord, Proprietor.

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THE GERMAN POSITION.

Back of the German frontiers a situation exists about which many people are speculating. The facts are few and simple.

Has the Kaiser really abdicated? If he hasn't—he will. Is there a new government in office? If there is not there soon will be. It will be responsible to the people. It will probably be under the control of the Socialists. But in any event it will be a responsible government. Will there be an unconditional surrender? There will. The longer the present situation lasts the better will Germany learn the lesson which the Allied Nations have been trying to teach her for the past four years. The longer

it lasts the greater will be Germany's defeat and the more abject her surrender.

The Germans are a thorough going and methodical people. This has been drilled into them from their childhood. When they are convinced that their war lords have brought them to degradation and misery (some are already convinced and the others soon will be) they will make a very thorough job of clearing out their ruthless masters. What assistance they need will be gladly supplied by the Allies. The ferment is at work in Germany. There is every reason to believe the revolutionary movement is well under way. The Kaiser knows his time is nearly up. He may quit in an effort to save

himself from a worse fate. But he knows. You bet—he knows. The war may last six months or it may last longer, on the other hand any moment the cables may convey the news of Germany's surrender. The knowledge of its coming must not permit us to let up on our endeavour to hasten the day. Meanwhile buy Victory Bonds.

Paradoxes are not rare, For often times you'll see A "Peach" and a "Lemon" side by side On a Branch of the Mil-a-taree.

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

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"—not only the flavour, old chap!—tho that is remarkably good!—but, er, they're so dashingly smart, y' know!"

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Happy Memories.

RHYMES OF POOR PRUNES.

To our plump Colonel W. W.
Archambault cried, "I'll trouble
you, trouble you."
So he started a scrap,
But thanks to lean "Tap",
'Twas a very short squabble-u
squabble-u.

The second in command, Major
Tom,
Was hit by the Influenza bomb.
With a Peach for a nurse
He didn't grow worse,
But his heart beats were not very
calm.

There is a bra' laird of the stable
Who to marry has proved himself
able.
Though it comes as a shock,
To the wedding we'll flock
Of the laird and his "dere little
Mabel".

We know a young Major named
Bob,
Who differs from the rest of the
mob.
With soft chuckling laughs
His lime juice he quaffs,
And bids farewell to his scotch
with a sob.

Oh there is our dear Captain Petti.
Who adores a dark widow so pretty.
If we list to Dame Rumor
We'll be in the humor
To shower them both with confetti.

Along came blue eyed Captain Bill,
President of the Poor Prunes still.
With his stories and jests,
To assembled guests
He gives many a humorous thrill.

Captain Joek of the Poor Poor
Prunes
Sternly commands his Pickle
Platoons.

And still all the while-a
As he dreams of Delilah
His heart beats bright lilting tunes.

There is a new captain named Len,
Who though small is really worth
ten.

And when it came to a fight,
He was there all right
And spurred on the rest of the
men.

Ima Pickel.

CURRENCY AND CASH.

Corporal Bilkins had arrived in
France after a few days in
England.
"How much money have you got
left?" asked Corporal Wilkins.
"Well, I've got six shillings, a
quid, two farthings, nine pennies,
a franc, half a pound, four sous
and 50 centimes, but I've only got
two dollars in cash."

"D" COMPANY.

Another exhibition of Soccer
was given on Tuesday afternoon
when "D" Company played "E"
Company and earned a 2 to 1
victory. Captain Gerrard's men
had their opponents outclassed in
every angle of the game. The half
back line of "D" Company was
composed entirely of N.C.O.'s and
they proved to be the mainstay of
the team. "Old Scout" Sutcliffe
was strictly on the job and the
way in which he skated about the
treacherous field showed him to be
still spry despite his advancing
years. The forward line was a live
wire quintette and some excellent
material has ben singled out for
the real team which is being
formed and which will be heard
from loudly at no distant date.
'Old Man' Brennan was too quick
for the Employed (?) Boys. Ser-
geant Horrocks is very keen on
getting up a good team and he ex-
pects to challenge and defeat suc-
cessively every company in the
Depot.

In the meantime there is ample
room for a first class rooter's club.
Every man in "D" Company
should make it a point to turn out
for the games out of company pride
—and especially since the O.C. is
giving the lads a chance to get out
and root.

It is reported on excellent
authority that there is at least one
Sapper in "D" Company who has
found a way in which to get a bona
fide 100 per cent drink without
offending within the barracks' walls.

Will the Q.M. please tell us what
is the meaning of that word
"Wow"?

Why was Tubey indisposed while
on leave? Had Iberville anything
to do with it?

Ham and Eggs? Oh! for Moore.

Doesn't the boy scout sergeant
look fine in his new tunic?

Is the Church still holding his
own?

"D" Company is mourning the
transfer of its popular C.S.M.
Sergeant Major Thompson is now
embraced in "E" Company ac-
cording to the edict in D.O. 29-
10-18 and his place is taken by
Sergeant Major Stevens. We shall
miss his genial presence and his
ringing voice to say nothing of the
good advice that a good soldier of
long standing is able to hand out
to those in the embryo stage.

James O'Cain Agency,
H. A. ST-GEORGE, Mgr.

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THE SAPPER.

He kicks about his meagre pay, he
kicks about the grub,
He swears by all that's holy that
his corporal is a dub;
To him each regulation is a source
of much distress—
But he's never sick on pay day, and
he's never late for mess.

He cusses reveille and drill; he
tries to skip retreat;
He howls about the effort that it
costs him to look neat;
When work in any form looms up
he tries hard to renig—
But he's strong for playing poker,
and he's great on bunk fatigue.

He crabs about each feature of his
military life;
His idea of delight is to engage in
verbal strife;
He prides himself on knowing
every pessimistic trick—
And the height of his ambition is
to register a kick.

But he really doesn't mean it, for
its just a clever ruse;
And we know that chronic kickers
have no time to get the blues;
And if kickers make good fighters,
then we're ready to begin
To kick Fritz out of Flanders, all
the way back to Berlin!
Geo. E. Parker.

MEMORIES.

This isn't intended a poem to be,
It's simply a short category
Of the Orderly Staff of Company
C.

And now I'll go on with my story.

A small staff, 'tis true, but all
picked men.
(Yes, picked before they were
ripe).

They can't form fours, but at
swinging a pen
They are peerless, and that is no
pipe.

There's old Father Wilcox, a
mighty good scout,
Who works through the day and
the night.

When the Index is finished you'll
find him, no doubt,
In a factory for nuts, locked up
tight.

Robertson, too, is alright in his
way.

("Tis true that he doesn't weigh
much).

If he gets any thinner, we'll all
have to pay
For some flowers, or buy him a
crutch.

Brother Johns, so they say, will
shortly commence
To flourish a sleeping-out pass.

Here's hoping that soon they will
have a cute fence
Running all round the house, on
the grass.

Young Joe Estabrook is a broth of
a boy,
A devil in his home town;
All pleasures forbidden he seems
to enjoy,
On his pie-face you'll ne'er see a
frown.

Old Balfour was cranky, and gave
us no peace,
Till that telegram came from New
York,
Bringing good news of his family's
increase.
Now he whistles and sings at his
work.

Way down in Panama, under a
tree,
An Indian lady sheds tears.
For Middlebrooks left her, with
papooses three,
To enlist in the Engineers.

Desperate Desmond, who'd sing if
he could,
Eats six meals each day of his life.
He works with a will with his pen,
but you should
See him juggle a fork and a knife.

G. A. Scott had the "Gimme's",
spent most of the day
Telling the world what he'd do
When friend wife came from home.
Now she's here, and I'll say
That we'd all like a nice cake or
two.

Philadelphia John is a popular
gink
With the ladies. He gave me a
look
At his list of addresses, he got
them, I think
From an up-to-date telephone
book.

They're a pretty good crowd,
though, and after the war
There will stay in each one's
memory
Recollections of friends, pals who
never got sore
When they met at the old E.T.D.

TO "K" FROM "A".

Ah, you look so gay and happy,
As you blithley swing along.
On your face, a smile, old chappy,
In your heart a ringing song,
Though you're off to call of Duty,
In that land, where Winter's skies
Seem to cast a sullen shadow,
Where the soft, white, snow-drift
lies.
For we know you'd rather journey
By the way of Britain's Isles.
Where the skies are warm and
sunny,
And the pink-cheeked lassie smiles

Drive away your cares and troubles
Till they vanish into air,
As their cheery laughter bubbles
Up through lips, so soft and fair.
And we tell you, soldier-brothers,
As you start your weary way,
That a thrill of admiration
Runs through every man in "A".
In your lonely nights of watching,
In the fields of freezing white,
In your weary days of marching,
Let your hearts, be always light,
With the thought that every "A"
man

Pays you tribute, "K", to-night.
For you're off to fight for freedom
Of a war-torn, ravaged land.
Well may Britain, in her glory,
Call you, "her Crusader band!"
And we're proud to pay you
tribute,
As you swing on down the street
To the pulsing trains a-waiting
To rush you to the fleet.
And remember, as our "God-
speeds"
Start you off upon your way,
There's a cheer for every member
Of Company "K" from "A".
Spr. Coyle.

AN ACID DROP FROM THE
VINEGAR BARRACKS.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she burst upon our
sight,
A lovely apparition who
Showed class from hat to tip of
shoe.

We marvelled not with one so fair
That male admirers were not rare.
Bad luck to it there came the 'flu'
Quarantine close, and what to do
Puzzl'd a moment her many
beaux,

Gallant Cap. and portly M.O.
Though handicapp'd on promenade
Nevertheless the Cap. essayed
In walks beneath the starry sky
To realise his hopes so high.
The Med., he of horn-rimm'd
glasses
Troubl'd not by things like
"passes",

Calling alike on sick and well,
Pass'd freely from house to hotel.
Seeing the disadvantage mean
Entailed on one through quaran-
tine

The Colonel issued this decree
Placed where all M.Os. might
see:—

"Forbidd'n this part of the Inn,
Sir,"
Advised the Cap. "If he "wins-
her"

We'll have a wedding military,
In St. John's not ordinary."
Captain we are all behind you
Carry out this task assigned you
A fair field and an open Inn
Now you can go. We hope you win.
Lance-Jack.

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Everything Clean
and Up-to-date.
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We respectfully urge the men of
the Engineer Training Depot to
patronize our advertisers. They are
helping us. Let us reciprocate.

JUST A WORD IN YOUR EAR.

Three cheers for the new Quartermaster. The improvement in the daily rations has been one of the principal topics for discussion among the boys of the Depot for the last week. Then another thing. Gone is that skim of grease (presumably for antiseptic purposes) which could be found on the plates under the old regime. Gone is the diurnal scramble for the mulligan when the lions roared after their prey. No longer is their fear that the Mess room orderly will drop choice drippings on your shoulder.

A physiologist would observe a great difference in the temper of the boys and there is a peaceful quiet now at mess time which is an excellent indication that the E.T.D. is being well fed.

The writer has observed the unanimity of opinion as to the food as it is now, and it is rare that a

day has passed without hearing some complimentary reference to the genial Q.M. who is 'on the job' at every meal, who tastes the food from time to time and who sees that none shall be "sent empty away".

Again, three cheers for Captain Manville.

The 'O.C. D. Coy' is still looking for his gloves in room 72. There is a notice on the door which reads thusly:—

"The man who took the O.C.'s gloves, he has a pair of old socks for him." Parenthetically, they disappeared a few days before the quarantine was lifted.

If C. S. M. Thompson and Sergeant Sutcliffe keep it up, the E.T.D. will have two 'blues' in its midst soon. Yes, they pull it every day across the stream from Ierville. It took them forty minutes

The Soldier's Friend Restaurant
166 St. James Street.

Specially attractive for Soldiers.
FRESH PASTRY, SOFT DRINKS, &c.
To be opened Shortly.

to make it the other day and it is alleged that the tenor soloist had a touch of mal-de-mer before he had passed over the last breaker.

Overheard at the mess, Monday evening. "Say feller (addressed to the youth who hands out the mail from the 'M to Z' window) that parcel you gave me today reached here September 28th."

"Is that so."

The Sapper who climbed out of

the second story window at midnight, unclashed and ran to the clink where he demanded entrance in order to write a letter to the Colonel was surely not throwing off on the Recreation room, was he?

The band has gone to Ottawa to blow for the Victory Loan. Bring 'em back soon, Bandmaster, we miss the Grenadier Guards and music with our meals.

Cheerio.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, MAJOR

Oh Cupid, hast thou dared to cast unerring shaft,
At our fair Major, who so long has dared,
With cunning and elusive art and craft,
To steer his course through life unsnared?

'Twas mighty shaft that sped from off thy bow,
With flight so strong to pierce that precious hide;
And reach a heart that maidens oft would know,
And failed to read what mystery lay inside;

How countless hearts were broken in this wild career
The damsels of St. John's will never dare disclose;
But Major, tell us who's the lady, there's a dear,
You'll help us bear it and anxiety dispose.

Whoe'er the maiden is who shares your heart,
It matters not, but tell us if you dare,
Why, you so guileless, acted all this time a part
Upon life's stage, and caused all this despair.

Giddy.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.



One soldier just out of the hospital says he feels so grateful he would like to shake the hand of every doctor and kiss every nurse in the Depot. We don't blame him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ninnett.—Thanks for your contributions. Sorry we are unable to use your sketch.

Sap. G. E. Coyle.—Send in some more copy. We are always open to receive anything of an optimistic nature. This paper is not for the grouch.

K. W. W.—Your report of the football match came too late for last week's edition and as it was already reported we cannot use it again. Send in early next time.

White 'ie.—We had about twenty reports of that football match as played between the Depot and K Company. So please don't be disappointed at the exclusion of your excellent report. We cannot print them all.

Rex VII.—Your magazine cuttings are useless for a paper like ours. No doubt they are good but please remember we strive at originality and your clippings are from a magazine which everybody reads.

Corp. T. C. Wyllie—in a well worded letter points out the reason why so many men in the Depot wave the American flag, and says it is just as possible to love two flags as it is to love your mother and your wife. In the present conflict we are not fighting for any particular flag but for an Ideal and we see no harm in waving the flag of our Ally if it is not overdone or if it is not done to hurt other folks feelings.

L/C. A. G. Thompson.—Your notes are too personal and would hurt the feelings of the people mentioned. Good natured banter is excellent copy, but we cannot entertain personalities.

The Old K's—write to say how much they have enjoyed our "little old paper" "Knots and Lashings" and wish it were possible to forward a few copies on to them every week. They are taking with them some delightful memories of St. Johns. We wish them every luck and trust they may never find themselves in a worse place.

Driver L. B.—wants to know if his friend Driver C—, has charge of those two "babys" or if he only walks with them for a pass time. We cannot say and we would hate to butt in. Ask Sergt. Doyland, he is bigger than we are.

Photographer—suggests the fol-

lowing verse when sending your picture to friends:—

"In beauty I'm not a star,
There are others more handsome by far.

But my face I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
It's those in the front get the jar.

A. J. McL.—We have often heard about Corpl. John. Perhaps you fellows could club together and buy him a box of Gin Pills for his poor back. Mark you, I said PILLS (accent on the Pills). I believe you already club together and present him with a copy of "Knots and Lashings". John must be quite a favourite.

Piewicks fat boy wants to know how he is going to answer Roll Call at 10 p.m. if he is asleep. We suggest that he posts an Orderlie outside the door with instructions that he is not to be disturbed until 5 minutes before breakfast or perhaps he would sooner sleep than eat.

Driver Anxious had better state his case to the O.C. of his Company in order to ascertain about his furlough. Only don't repeat the "furlough" to him.

Sapper St. J.—asks how long he has to be in the army before he gets a stripe. There are several fellows around just now with a few coloured stripes on the lower arm. Ask one of them.

"VINAIGRETTES"

A Major fond of a horse
Seemed quite taken up wi' a nurse,
Although very canny
Seeking safety 'mong many
Has been landed for better or worse.

An officer from Montreal
Has a dome like an ivory ball,
In fact it is said
The hair on his head
Looks very much like none at all.

A Captain with only one leg,
The other replaced by a peg,
Stays out at night late,
He's been seen after Eight,
I'm afraid that he's a bad egg.
Lance-Jack.

Private Bones at church, when there was a call for favorite hymns, sang out promptly: "Lead, Kindly Light." "It's about my favorite dance, you know," he whispered to a companion. "Remember where it says in there, 'One step enough for me'?"



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Yes, we have nice

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